32.

AN ACCOUNT OF Mr. YORK's Suite; IN A DIALOGUE BETWEEN Mr. York, and his Post.

York, HOw went my *Suit*, *Post-Man*?

Post-Man, Troth for your Comfort, 'tis at a Stand, and defer'd till next Term; tho it went once against you, as if the *Devil* drove it.

Y. By what Means? I am sure I had Right on my side.

P. By what Means say you? *Means*, that would baffle you out of your *Right* and Christian Name; *Means*, that would perswade a *Man*, he knew not who was his own *Wife*. Did you ever meet with such a Pack of *Whipsters* as these?

Y. Not I faith: Prithee make me Understand 'em.

P. Why? There are a sort of *Blades* that crow'd in Helter Skelter a top of one anothers Shoulders, in *Nomine Domine Regis*, and *Swear* themselves to the Devil, I think at a greater Rate than *L'Estrange*'s Boy, who Swore he saw it Rain Butter'd Turneps.

Y. They are a *Dangerous* sort of Fellows indeed, that never Hum nor Haw, but go arights to the Devil.

P. Ay, to the Devil sure enough, for I knew one of 'em about half a Year a go set out *Post* for Hell, with his Mouth stuff't full of *oaths*, and there is not a bit of him come back yet, as I know; or any *Depositions* concerning him.

Y. That was Captain *William* —— What shall I call him?

P. The very same. Nay, there's one at this very present, has all his *Accoutrements* ready for the same *Journey*, only he lack's a *Word* to pass Squire *Ketches* Centry, and then to the Devil Whip and Spur.

Y. Poh, Is that all, I'le get that done for him?

P. In the mean while, I'le put him into a Prayer Dyet, that when once he is a Horse-back, he mayn't trouble us, from *Ten* a Clock to *Twelve*, with his for Christ's-Sake, and his God be with me's.

Y. But, How ſhall I deal with the reſt? There are enough ſtill to *Swear* you and me, and *Twenty* more out of our *Lives* and *Fortunes.*

P. Faith they are ſuch a *Factious* ſort of *Accuſing* Fellows, that my *Horſe* is e'ne afraid to keep them Company,

Y. Poor Horſe! Have they any *Deſign* or *Plot* againſt him?

P. I can't tell what Plot they may have: But I am ſure he dreads them in his Heart: For what does my *Horſe* or *I* know; but they may Swear he's an **Elephant**, and without an *Act of* **Parliament**, lay more on his *Back* than he is able to bear.

Y. Troth you ſpeak very Conſiderately: For, Did they not ſerve me as unlikely a *Trick*, when I was **Maſter of the Ship Tavern**, or **Admiral** (as a Man may ſay) of the **Ship**, and Liv'd in good Repute with my *Land-Lord* and *Neighbours*? Did they not come in, and Elbow me out, and ſwear directly, that my **French-Wine** bred **French-Blood** in all our *Engliſh-Men*, and Poiſoned half the Nation.

P. Nay, they drive the ſame way ſtill, and have almoſt *Swore* you out of another *Houſe.*

Y. Which Prithee?

P. The Houſe next the ——the ——

Y. To the *What* for *God-Sake.*

P. Next Door to the **Scepter and Crown.**

Y. The Devil they have! What, my **Birth-Right**? Can they Act ſo far from *Law*?

P. Oh! They are **Conſciencious Blades**, and Act according to **Goſpel**, and that you know is far diſtant enough from **Law** in all their **Bibles**: But they have not quite caſt you yet, which you may thank your **honeſt Judge** for, that pack't the **Jury** to Chew the Cud.

Y. But were all the **Jury-men** of the ſame Laſt, as the **Evidence** were of?

P. Ay, I believe had they been *Five Hundred more*, they would have laid Head to Head, and Rump to Rump, to have outed you of All: had not the **Judge** diſperſed thoſe *Foxes* with *Fire-Brands* in their *Tails*, and left their deſign in the lurch.

Y. Prethee tell me how they look't at the **Judge**, did they not Brow-beat him, when they found He would not come to their Cue?

P. Ay, as my Lord *Ser*:——did your Doctor: And thy ſnarl'd at him ſo, that had the **Judge** not *Whipt* them away, I believe in my Conſcience, they would have gone near to have bit his *Lordſhip's Shins.*

Y. 'Tis well the **Judge** held the *Whip* in his *Hand*, when he called the *Currs* about him. For who can tell what Extravagances they might have been at, when they were ſo *hot* upon the **Royal Scent**, and purſued ſo hard after the **Royal Game**?

P. Well, had the **Judge** been your **Own Brother**, He could have Acted no better for you than he did: and I hold you ever obliged to ſay, *Amen to Faxit Deus ut Vivat.*

Y. Amen, Amen.

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